



JIM MARSHALL'S NEW PIANTIER

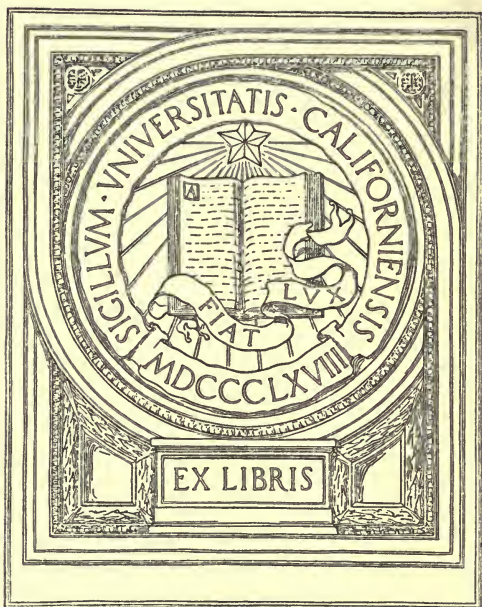
AND OTHER
WESTERN STORIES



WILLIAM DEVERE
"TRAMP POET OF THE WEST"

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WILLIAM DEVERE,
"TRAMP POET OF THE WEST."

JIM MARSHALL'S NEW PIANNER

AND

OTHER WESTERN STORIES.

(SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR PUBLIC READING.)

BY

WILLIAM DEVERE, 1844-190

"TRAMP POET OF THE WEST,"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOLPH LEVINO AND
J. MORNINGSTAR.

M. WITMARK & SONS,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND LONDON.

1908.

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TO MY ILLUSTRATORS.

DOLPH LEVINO, Esq.,

DEAR FRIEND :—You have grasped the true inspiration of western humor, and your illustrations (while they are but the reproduction of scenes familiar to yourself), are just the very thing needed to vivify these wild and uncouth stories. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your fidelity to detail, and with best wishes for you and yours, I am,

Your friend,

WM. DEVERE.

MR. J. MORNINGSTAR,

DEAR SIR :—I am deeply indebted to you for your fine sketches, illustrations of life in the west, contributed to this little book. They are in the right spirit and evince an artistic skill that is gratefully acknowledged by

Yours sincerely,

WM. DEVERE.

PREFACE.

KIND READER :

This humble volume is intended to be simply a rough chronicle of some vivified wild and wooly western stories, and is based upon events that have occurred in the sub-strata of western life. The characters, as well as the incidents, are all true, as can be attested by many of my readers. I make no apology for the vernacular, the diction or the syntax, and if among the debris you can extract a few grains of pure gold, my mission will have been accomplished. Some of my characters are still living. The most of them occupy positions of trust, some few of them are still prospecting in the Rockies or on the deserts of the Wild West. Some sleep in unmarked graves upon the mountain side amid the crooning of the Pignon Pines. They were all my friends. I knew no bad men in the west; they all had many good traits about them, and the roughest of them were the most charitable. They made unchronicled history. The history of the mining camp is nearly obsolete. We may find a few that are reached by rail, but the old mining camp reached by the Concord Coach or the "Freighter" is fast passing away. To the living actors who took part in those scenes this book will bring many a kind remembrance, and to them, with all of its imperfections, I bequeath it.

WM. DEVERE.

New York City, May 1, 1897.



JIM MARSHALL'S NEW PIANNER.



WAS 'way above the old San Juan that
me and big Bud Beedles
Located—near the San Miguil—a camp
we called "The Needles."
There wasn't many on us there,
Tom Kane, and Tim McCarty, Cap Flagler,
Riley Lambert, and Lish Rowe made up the
party
To celebrate a grand event, as ever you sot eyes on,
In Tommy Gretto's little tent, where he dispensed
the pizen.
Jim Marshall'd been plugged up by some on us to
go and send for
A bran new pianna fortay, and bring it up from
Denver.
Zeb Taylor, a Missourian, as miserable a sinner
As ever crossed the Cimmaron, or posed as a "mule
skinner,"
Had brought the box from Silverton, right thro'
in his freight wagon,
And we turned out to celebrate its advent, with
a jag on.

Walt Fletcher, a darned lively cuss, as funny and
as frisky,

Who at the best done nothing wuss than punish
barb-wire whisky;

Clabe, Jones, Tom Hudson, Burrill Wade, Old
Creek and Tommy Tanner,

Was members of the committee, to welcome the
Pianner.

We all dropped into Gretto's tent, first one and
then the t'other.

We put away one poultice, and then paralyzed
another,

We opened up the box and we tore off the paper
l'ning,

And there the new Pianner stood, a-glistening and
a-shining.

We sot it in the corner, just as tender as a brother,
And then we took another drink, and then—we took
another.

And Walter Fletcher, he remarked "as how he'd
hate to say it,

We'd got an elephant, for not a cuss know'd how
to play it."

Clabe Jones, allowed that "he would sing, if we
could find a fakir."

But none of us dare touch the thing, for if we did,
we'd break her.

And Burrill Wade, he said that "back in Maine he
had a sister

That could play the Suannee River till 'would knock
us all a twister."

Lish Rowe allowed "he know'd a gal 'tcould play
the Maiden's Prayer'

All you could close your eyes and swar you'd
climbed the 'Golden Stair.' "

But just about this minute something happened,
that I think

Would make Salvation Army saints swar off and
take to drink.

Tom's tent front door blew open, and a figger hove
in sight

That made each one of us to doubt it if we was just
all right.

A cuss, dressed in a canvas coat, a hat cut filagree,
A pair of pants, half-soled and heeled, a shirt d—d
negligee,

His nose, like a peeled onion, a regular cherry red,
And eyes all bleared and bloodshot, seemed a bustin'
from his head,

A regular mountain nomad, whom nobody knew in
camp,

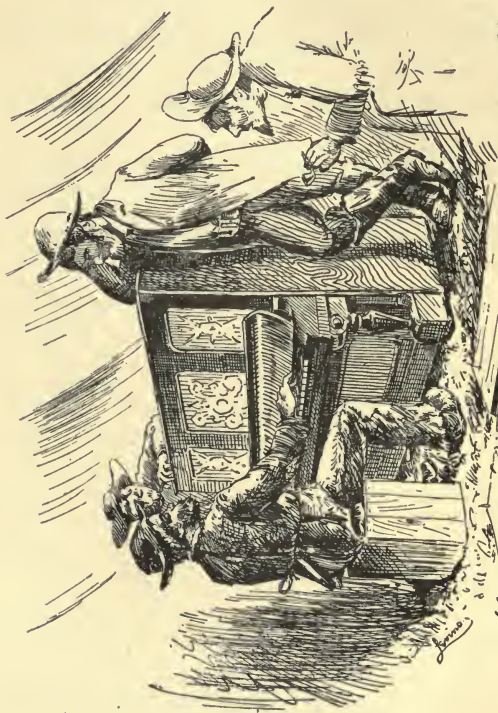
The ne plus ultra specimen of a biped called the
tramp.

We looked at him, he looked at us, and then his
gaze turned whar,

Six glasses of red licker stood, on Tommy Gretto's
bar,

He landed one beneath his belt, just like a mornin'
bracer,

And then another followed suit, wo't Lish Row'd
call a "chaser,"



"HE WAS IN IT"

Then, wiping off his lips with an old ragged, red
bandanna,
He planked himself right down in front of Mar-
shall's new pianner.
None on us spoke, we held our breath, for just
about a minute,
And when he hit them ivories we all knowed that
he was in it.
He thundered off "Boulanger's March," you bet, it
was a daisy.
And then he hit a reel that nigh knocked Tim
McCarty crazy.
And then he run the gamut up to "Comin' Thro'
the Rye,"
And played "Stick to Your Mother, Tom," until
he made us cry;
"The Gates Ajar" until I'd swear I heard the
angels singin',
Then with old "Johnny Get Your Gun" he sot the
rafters ringin',
He played "The Song that Reached My Heart,"
till Burrill Wade went loony
He rattled "Playmates" off, and then he switched
to "Annie Rooney."
At handlin' Mendelsohn, you can bet he was a lily.
He resurrected "Wagner," and knocked old "Blind
Tom" silly.
He played "The Sad Sea Waves" until you'd think
you heard them sobbin',
And then he trilled that "Old Scotch Air" of
"Won't You Tell Me, Robin,"

He swayed around the "Blue Danube" and "Old
Waldtyfle" too,
Then "The Star Spangled Banner" and the old
"Red, White and Blue."
He wandered thro' "The Miserere," and thundered
the "Te Deum."
Until I thought of "Eddie Pleiss" and Hank Cline's
Coliseum.
He played a skit from "Aida," that just woke up
"Tommy Gretto,"
Who hollered out "Bravissimo, Decapo, Allegretto."
He thundered o'er the treble, with a rattle and a
roar,
We heard a crash, and like a flash, he vanished
thro' the door
We made a rush to stop him, but he vamoosed in a
wink,
We stood a moment dumbfounded, and then—we
took a drink.

* * * * *

The Needles camp is busted, "Burrell Wade's" in
Kansas City,
"Tom Kane" shot "Riley Lambert," and was
"strangled," more's the pity,
"Clabe Jones" is down in Mexico, a stealin' Texas
meat,
And "Walter Fletcher's" writin' songs in Forty-
seventh street.

"Cap. Flagler's in Durango, I am dallying with the drama,

"Jim Marshall's jumpin' corner lots, way down in Oklohoma,

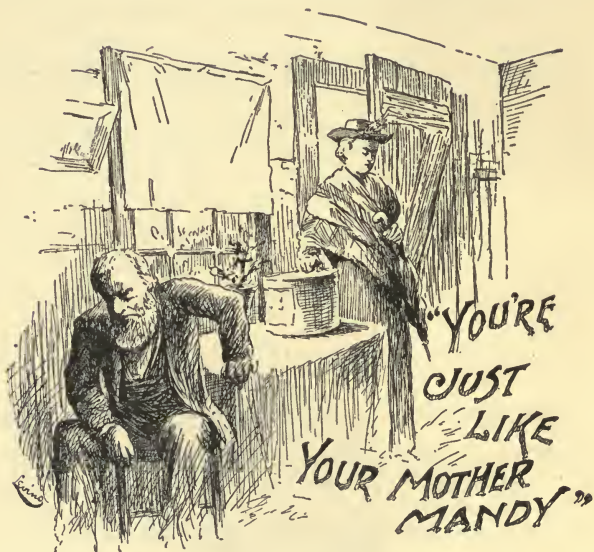
"Lish Rowe" he takes his Bourbon straight, when he goes on a bust,

"Tom Gretto's" out in 'Frisco, still looking for the dust,

"Old Creek" is up in Ogden, and the saints snared "Tommy Tanner,"

And a dance hall up in Rico captured Marshall's "New Pianner."





“YOU’RE JEST LIKE YER MOTHER, MANDY.”

To T. J. O’Neil, Esq., of Portland, Maine.



YOU'RE jest like yer mother, Mandy,
an' most allus hev yer way,
So you're going down to the city, an'
a goin' down there to stay;
Wall, mebbe it's fur the best; but
then the sun wont shine so bright,
For after you're gone away, gal, I'll miss you day
an' night.
But you say you're tired of ploddin' an' worrin' all
the day.
An' you're jest like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.

Speakin' about yer mother, the mornin' tha' she
died

I went in the big front bed room, an' I knelt down
by her side,

An' I asked the good Lord to spare her an' to leave
her for me to love,
But I reckon he kinder needed her in the mansion
up above.
She 'lowed she thought 'twas better for her to go
than stay,
An' you're jest like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.

She said that the good Lord willed it, an' she said
"His will be done,"
Then she asked me to shove the curtains back and
let in the warm bright sun.
So't she could look at the dear green fields whar she
had passed her life
Ever since the day old Parson Brown pronounced
us man an' wife.
An' she told me to guard an' protect you, an' to
cherish you every day,
But you're just like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.

I promised her I'd guard ye an' protect ye from all
harm,
Then I felt her tears a streamin' down over my
cheeks so warm.
An' then she tried to comfort me an' whispered
"God is love,"
An' when I arose your mother had gone to the
Saviour up above.

Since then you've been my comfort, but you're
goin' away to stay,
Fur you're jest like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.

I've worked an' toiled fur forty year to try an' im-
prove the farm,
Fur I wanted to have a home for you to protect you
from all harm,
I've toiled an' sweat in the harvest field when the
summer days was hot,
A tryin' to fight a mortgage off'n an eighty acre
lot.
An' now it all belongs to you, you're just eighteen
to-day,
An' you're jest like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.

Of course you'll be happier, Mandy, in your bright
new city home,
An' you'll larn to forget your poor old dad that's
sorrowin' here alone,
You'll meet up with companions who will be more
to your mind,
An' perhaps you'll forget yer mother's grave an'
the friends you have left behind.
But my blessin's shall go with you an' protect you
where you stray,
Fur you're jest like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.

What's that? You aint goin', Mandy, jest foolin',
eh? I'm so glad,

Well, this will be the happiest day your old dad
ever had,

An' I believe yer mother's spirit looks down on us
from above,

An' I seem to hear ner angel voice a whisperin'
"God is love."

What's that? You'll never leave me? You'll
always with me stay,

Wal, you're jest like yer mother, Mandy, an' most
allus hev yer way.



“HEY RUBE.”

[NOTE.—Hey Rube is the war-cry with a Circus which calls every man to the scene of action.



WAS just about ten years ago,
Too early yet for ice or snow,
'Thro' bounteous Texas coming
down,

A circus with a funny clown,

“ Hey Rube.”

The boys warn't feeling very well,
The reason why I cannot tell.
And as they "made" each little tower
They whispered (when the "gawks" came
'round) "Hey Rube."

They didn't say it, mind you now,
But as you scanned each frowning brow,
When pestered by some "Budgy guy"
You'd almost read it in their eye,
"Hey Rube."

It's but a little phrase, 'tis true,
Its meaning well each "fakir" knew,
And e'en the weakest heart was stirred
At mention of that magic word,
"Hey Rube."

"They'll eat you up in this 'ere town,
The boys'll tear you circus down."
Thus spoke a man with hoary head,
The "main guy" winked and softly said,
"Hey Rube."

They gathered 'round, about two score,
I am not sure but there were more,
Red-hot and eager for the fray,
The boys all thought, but didn't say,
"Hey Rube."

The ball was opened like a flash.
Above the battle's din and dash,
As thunderbolt hurled from the sky,
Rang long and loud the battle-cry,
"Hey Rube."

'Twas but a moment—in they went,
Each man on life and death intent.
They periled there both life and limb,
'Twas wonderful to hear them sing,
“Hey Rube.”

'Twas finished, the smoke rolled away,
As clouds before the sun's bright ray.
That Texan chivalry were gone—
They couldn't sing that circus song,
“Hey Rube.”

MORAL.

“Gawks,” “guys” and “Rubes” another day,
When e'er a circus comes your way,
And you are spilein' for a “clim,”
Be sure they haven't learned to sing,
“Hey Rube.”





HIGGINS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO "AL" SMITH, ESQ.

Know Higgins, Tom Higgins of Lewiston?
That old Bohemian "Son of a Gun,"
I reckon I did, and I'll say right here,
That Higgins could drop, from wine, to beer,
With the easy grace of a millionaire,
And a smile that was bright, and *debonaire*,
He could play two deuces pat at bluff,
Could "crack a bottle," or "blow his stuff,"
A Chesterfield in the dance's whirl,
For he loved a horse, and adored a girl.
His early life had been passed out West;
Where each man reaches his level best.

*And I heard an old timer from out there say,
That Higgins was riding along one day,
Down near the foot of La Vita pass,
His Broncho nipping the Buffalo grass,
That grew by the trail on the mottled sod,
When a half breed known as "Cherokee Bob,"
Came riding along the other way.
And he stopped, and bantered Higgins to play

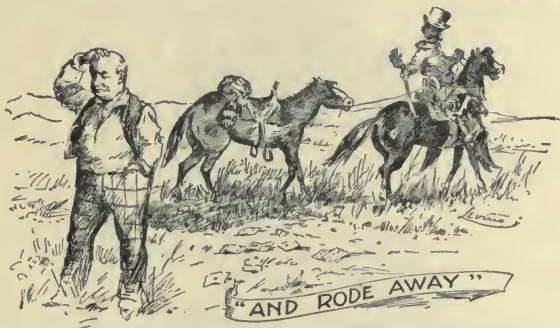
*This don't go if Higgins sees it

A little game for money or blood,
That was known down there, as "round table stud."
Now I said that Higgins was always game,
And the "Cherookee" 'd hardly gave it a name,
When Higgins swung from his saddle tree,
With the simple remark of "That means me."
With a Navajo blanket spread out on the ground,
And a pack of cards, they both sat down.
They cut for the deal, and Higgins won,
And the cards were shuffled, the game begun.
Cherokee Bob scanned his buried card,
With never a trace on his visage hard.
Next a six showed up, and for Higgins a Tray,
The half breed cautiously made a play,
It was called by Higgins, who dealt once more,
When the Cherokee got "an ace in the door,"
And the half breed made a brash to play,
When Higgins turned over another tray.
Two trays in sight, it was Higgins bet,
With a nervous pull at his cigarette,
He gently said "I will bet my all,
Cash, broncho, pistols, you dare not call,"
But the Cherokee quietly smiled at that,
And remarked, "Well, I'll tap you for blanket and
hat."

Off came the hat, and the blanket went in,
Either one or the other must lose or win.
Higgins knew naught of the Roentgen's rays,
That the half breed's buried card beat two Trays.

AND OTHER STORIES.

So he finished the deal, didn't better his hand,
And the Cherokee sitting there smiling and bland,
Turned over an ace as he finished the play,
Then packed up his plunder, and rode away.



And remarked to Higgins, as he looked back,
"It is better walking the right hand track."
But Higgins, sorrowfully scratched his head,
Few and short were the words he said.
You see he wasn't much given to talk,
And he muttered, "Walk, you sucker, walk."
And in after years, when the story he told,
Of this game of "stud" in the land of gold,
Where "Charley Sumner," and "Maxwell" and
"Kim,"
And "Kitty O'Connell" perhaps dropped in,
With "Thompson," "The Spider," and "Old Jim
Cobb,"
That he thought that the half breed was only a
slob.



But would never again bet two Trays so hard,
Unless he was "next to the buried card."
And he said that he felt as he walked away,
Across the plains, on that sunny day,
That if he had only a mask and a gun,
He would open a game in which he could have won,
And would hold up a stage outside the town,
And compel them to throw the strong box down.
But one more story I'm going to tell,
A hard luck story, that once befell,
Tom Higgins in Maine, at Old Orchard Beach,
A place that the tourist loves to reach,
When the game closed.
The lights burned brightly overhead,
The table, whereon the layout was spread,
And the players nervously shuffled their checks,
Some looking cheery, and others vexed,
While the "lookout" lazily lolled in his chair,
And his cigarette smoke melted into the air
Of the spacious room, while the busy click,
Of the casekeeper, like a watch's tick,
Told off the cards, as they lost, or won,
And the dealer, sitting there silent and glum,
Dealt, paid, and took as the bets were laid,
And never a tremor his feelings betrayed
But Higgins—I started to speak of him,
In front of the dealer cool and grim,
Was playing the limit at every turn,
To doubles and single, his bright eyes burn,
With anticipation of what he'll do,
When he's won them all, every red, white and blue;

Of the bottles he'll crack, of the songs he'll sing,
And of Maudies's laugh with its merry ring,
As they sit vis-a-vis and they merrily sip,
Of the sparkling Champagne that caresses the lip
Of the loveliest creature beneath the Sun,
The one that he loves, and the only one,
For so he believes, while her arms entwine,
And her lips bedewed with the rosy wine,
Are pressed to his, in one mad caress,
One moment of Heavenly blessedness
While her bosom heaves, and his senses reel,
And her ivory arms around him steal,
And Maudie swears she loves only him,
And the bubbles dance on the wine glass brim,
As they pledge each other in seething wine,
And float in an ecstasy divine,
Another deluge of pink champagne,
And they pledge each other again and again,
While Maudie—warbling an aria clear,—
Is striving to kick the chandelier,
And the rustling swish of the filmy lace,
Is swirling and whirling around the place,
As she sways and whirls and piroettes,
Through the curling smoke of the cigarettes,
Until quite o'ercome with display of charms,
She falls with a sigh into Higgins arms,
And forgets the world, in a dream of bliss,
And one long lingering loving kiss, and the game
closed.

But Higgins—I wanted to speak of him,—
The Mohammedan heaven that he was in,

Had vanished away to a little speck,
For he found he had only one red check, when the
game closed.

Only one red check, just to represent
The follies and ills of a life misspent,
How many hopes and how many fears,
How many blessings, how many tears,
How many fortunes and how many ills,
How many dollars and how many mills,
How many beginnings, how many ends,
How many enemies, how many friends,
How many murders, how many lives,
How many sweethearts and how many wives.
How many smiles, and how many sighs,
How many truths, and how many lies,
How many kisses, how many frowns,
How many ups, and how many downs,
All that we hope for, or have, or expect,
Were centered alone in this one red check, when
the game closed.

And Higgins, (its funny I drift from my theme,
And float off in some philosophic dream,)
Well, Higgins! coolly picked up the red check,
And walked from the room, with a carriage erect.
Cash In! Ah no, for that one red check,
Must represent a financial wreck,
He'd keep it for thoughts that he once had prized,
For dreams that he never had realized,
For seeds of sin that he'd often sown,
For hopes that were hopeless, and turned to stone,

And he sauntered down to the ocean's brink,
And sat down a moment to ponder and think,
There he fell asleep and he dreamed of the girl,
With the starlit eye, and the shimmering curl,
Of Maudie the all in all to him,
An hour passed on and the tide came in,
And stole around his weary feet
But still he dreamed of a bliss complete,
Rich, or poor, but little he'd reck,
This slumbering dreamer, with one red check,
When the game closed.

"OFFTY GOOFT'S METHUSELAHISM."



OST thou remember the happy hours
 When I was thy youthful beau,
 How we laughed and chaffed in the
 daisy bowers,
 Eight hundred Years ago?

When the brightest of futures before us lay,
 One hopeful delicious track,
 And I was a dude not a bit *blasè*
 A few trifling centuries back?

Can'st thou recall the fond days of yore,
 Our travels on land and sea,
 When I was a hundred and and twenty-four
 And you were just ninety-three?

Can'st thou summon up in thy mind afresh
 The charms of our love divine,
 When you were a hundred and eighty-two
 And I was two hundred and nine?

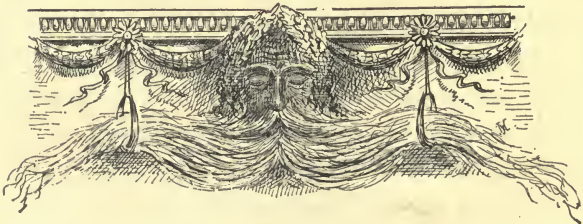
Ah, then did our love supremely thrive,
 We lived in a mutual heaven,
 When you were three hundred and eighty-five,
 And I was four hundred and seven.

Can'st thou remember the happy days,
For old age makes memory sad,
When you were about eight hundred and eight,
The first kick that we ever had.

When upon my head you broke a plate,
A job that was neatly done,
In the year of your life, eight hundred and eight,
And of mine nine hundred and one?

But we're nearing the thousand now, my dear,
We no longer are young and strong.
Old age is beginning to tell, I fear
That we cannot linger long.

Those happy days are forever passed,
The happiest bards have sung,
And I see death coming with mind aghast
For its sad to die so young.



KINDER SUSP'SHUS.



WE oughtn't a dun it. It wasn't jest
right,
But wen he dropped inter ther Camp
on that night,
Some one on the gang made a quiet
remark

'T he wasn't a miner 'rwasn't a shark,
But he looked kinder susp'shus.

He'd legs all the world like a Sandy Hill crane,
An' his head wuz bare-footed, denotin' no brain;
He wuz wearin' dude clothes, an' had on striped
socks,

An' over his shoulder he'd slung a black box
That looked kinder susp'shus.

He throwed down two bits on Lem Givison's bar,
An' asked fur a Key West Estrellar cigar;
An' then he sot-down in the corner to rest,
An' he pushed that black box right in front of his
breast,

Which looked kinder susp'shus.

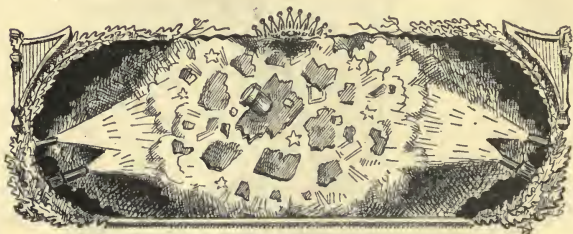




An arg'ment riz about "round table stud,"
Which looked ez if it might hev ended in blood.
Each man hed hiz eye right on the other one,
An' every man thar hed hiz han' on hiz gun,
An' it looked kinder susp'shus.

The room wuz so still, you could hear a watch tick,
When that feller's black box gin a sharp, sudden
click,
An' ten "forty-five's" opened out with a roar,
An' the remnants were scattered around on the floor,
An' it looked kinder susp'shus.

We buried the pieces, all that we could see,
Out thar in the gulch, by that old pi'non tree,
With a card from his pocket,—its stickin' thar yet—
"Snap Kodak Artist, Gazootville Gazette,"
An' it looks kinder susp'shus.



"THE PARSON'S BOX."

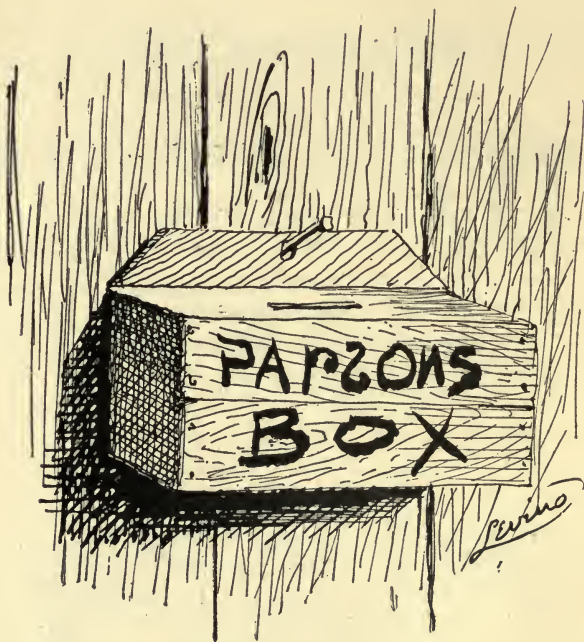
A TALE OF THE SAN JUAN.



NOWED Parson Hogue, well I
should say,
I saw the parson the very day
He sot his foot in the Bank
Exchange

And asked Jess Potts from across the range,
How business was and I heard Jess say
That he hadn't turned a card that day.
There was "Curly McBride," who ran the wheel,
And "Fletch" at the tub hadn't made a spiel,
Old "Sarge" who'd sot there many a night,
With ace in the hole, and the cuter in sight,
And old Jim Pencil and Jim McCabe
With "Nutshell Bill" and Burrill Wade,
Jim Russell (the lawyer) who'd play a hand
Or plead a case for the Rio Grande.
Big "Tex," "Ike Stockton," who stood off "Coe,"
When he brought the gang from New Mexico,
To take "Hargue Eskridge" and "Dyson's" lives,
But the boys went out with their "forty-fives"
And winchesters, and they called them down
On the mesa outside of Durango town.

We were sittin' round when the parson came,
Each dealer a loafing with ne'er a game,
When the parson entered and made this crack,
And "Jess Potts" answered the parson back,



For none of us was supposed to know
That we had a parson in Durango.
We was all of us partial to cards and rum
And we didn't go much on "Kingdom come."

We could play two deuces, pat at bluff,
But we didn't savy "Sky Pilot's" guff,
So when we heard the parson say
That he had a game which he'd like to play,
If he had the lay-out and we had time,
"Jess Potts" got up and said he "take mine,"
And we gathered 'round just to hear the spiel,
When the parson should shuffle up and deal.
He scanned the crowd with a knowing look,
And then from his pocket he took a book,
And remarked, "Now boys, if you're satisfied,
I've a little game called Christ Crucified,"
And he picked out a text called "God is love,"
And he told us we had a father above,
And if we would only believe and pray,
That he'd be our friend on the judgment day.
He said each one was invited in
And that charity covered a heap of sin.
He spoke of the friends we had left behind,
Of our sisters, our mothers and brothers kind,
Our sweethearts and wives whom we loved the best,
Whom we kissed and hugged when we came out
West,

And he said they remembered our last good-bye,
There were tears just then in old "Sarges" eyes,
For he thought of his loved ones far-away,
And just then the parson said "let us pray."

And he knelt and prayed while we stood around,
With heads uncovered and ne'er a sound
But the parson's voice in that gambling hall,
As he asked forgiveness for one and all.



I've seen many scenes in my western life
Of joy, and sorrow, and care, and strife,
But none could compare with the one that day,
When old Parson Hogue said "let us pray."
He finished and said the last amen,
Shook hands all around, said he'd call again,
But "Burrill Wade" said, "Just stand pat,"
And off from his head came his old slouch hat,
With a yellow fiver he made a bluff,
And he said to the gang "dig up the stuff."
Down went each hand and the money fell,
For all of us liked the old parson well,
We filled his pockets with gold galore,
And asked him to call again once more.
Not a game in the house but won that day,
After the parson came in to pray,
And preached from the text called "God is love."
So we built him a church on the mesa above,
And we bought him a bell that would ring and
 clang,
And every Sunday the whole of the gang
Would knock off dealing, leave all in the lurch,
Shut up the joints and all go to church,
We'd list while the parson preached and prayed,
For he didn't give cant or rhodomontade.
He was something like parson "Tom Uzzell,"
Stood pat on heaven, but "sluffed" on heli:
His sermon was short and right to the point,
Then we all went back and opened the joint,
And we dealt and played and put up our rocks,
And we nailed up a thing called the parson's box.

With a hole on top just to slip checks through,
When anyone won why he'd put in a blue,
And some would drop in a red or a white
According as luck had behaved that night.
When a man would cash in the dealer would say,
"Pards, the parson's box is across the way,"
And when the games all closed for the night,
We would cash the parson's checks all right.

Now the parson lives in Durango still,
And he knows "Sam, Harry, Tom, Jerry and Bill"
By name, and if you would be in vogue,
You must always speak well of old Parson Hogue.
He draws his salary just the same
From the parson's box in each faro game.
At good short sermons he's dead in line,
And with faith and virtue he'll always shine,
He knows just how to preach and pray,
And can teach a poor sinner the narrow way,
Just one word more, and that's what knocks,
'There's always stuff in the parson's box.



“HE CAN—LIKE KELLY CAN.”

J. W. Kelly was my friend, he died a year ago,
But when he was alive, there were few things he
didn't know,
He could write and sing an Irish song as good as
anyone,
And not a man could touch him on a story or a pun.
But one thing used to bother me, when I'd his pres-
tige claim,
Some other man would tell me, that he could do
just the same,
Or else he'd point across the street and say, there
goes a man,
Who can tell an Irish story or a joke like Kelly can.
He can—like Kelly can—he can—like Kelly can,
And then I'd look at him and say, he can—like
Kelly can.

'Twould make you laugh when Kelly sang, the
“Songs my mammy sang,”
Or the song about “Tim Toolan,” when he was an
alderman,
He'd tell about a Dutchman and Patrick's day
parade,
And when he sang that “German Band,” it put all
in the shade.

He never had a threadbare joke, no chestnuts did
he throw,
But the people all around would laugh perhaps an
hour so.




And after he had finished, some idiot of a man,
Would say, why I can tell that joke the same as
Kelly can.
He can—like Kelly can, he can—like Kelly can,
Now don't you all agree with me, he can—like
Kelly can.

There was "Throw him down McClosky," and
"Come down Mrs. Flynn,"
And that glorious old come all ye, called the "Old
Lakes of Cool Finn,"
J. W. Kelly wrote them, and could sing them like a
bird,
And when he told about a bum, you'd laugh at
every word,
What's more he'd give a dollar to the needy and
distressed.
And many a lone widow, Johnnie Kelly's name has
blessed.
And now that he has passed away, I'd ask if any
man,
Can boast of half a million friends, the same as
Kelly can.
He can—like Kelly can, He can—like Kelly can,
I've only one thing more to say, He can—like
Kelly can.



Dear Mr. DeWitt: I shall be glad to have you make use of any of
 my bits of verse that may please your fancy, and I thank you for
 the compliment of your letter. I have been sick and with
 pneumonia for the last month and during my convalescence I have
 been reading your poems, the volume having been sent to me by a
 Milwaukee friend. I have enjoyed them very much and I hope you
 will live long and keep on singing all the time. Dear sir, I am
 very cordially yours,

Eugene Field


Beacon Park, Ill., Nov. 17th, 1893.

HIS LETTER.

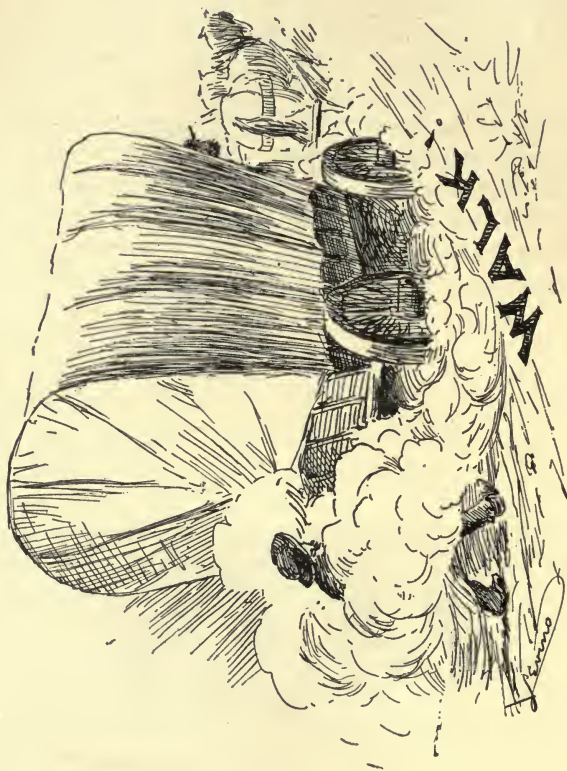


WAS conning over letters, of the
olden, golden time,
Some were cramped and business
laden,
Others breathed in song and rhyme.
Some were delicately perfumed,
Others faded with old age,
And by chance I came upon the one, upon the other
page.
Just a business sort of letter, of chirography the best,
From a man we loved to honor,
In "the wild and wooly west."
"Gene" Field, the great warm-hearted one,
And here I wish to say
They never knew his sterling worth,
Until he'd passed away.
And I closed my eyes and pondered
Oe'r his jingles, and his rhymes,
'Till I seemed to hear the crooning,
Of the Colorado pines.
With "Winken" "Blinken" and with "Nod"
I seemed to be afloat,
Then I dined on Red Horse Mountain,
At old Casey's Table d'Hote"

I wandered into "Sorry Tom's"
To pass an hour away,
With "Hoover" and "Bill Gillam"
At the "Conversazionay."
I saw "Modjeskay as Kameel"
Down at the "Tabor Grand"
When old "Three-Fingered Hoover"
"Lowed that he would take a hand.
When "Sampson" and "Bill Stapleton"
Adjourned across the way,
From "Hoover's gun, and dallied,
With a green absinthe *frappè*
"The clinking of the ice"
One of the sweetest songs I heard,
A sequel to the story,
Of "a Bottle and a Bird."
The little old "bench-legged fyst,"
The gang all used to know,
Down on the old Missouri,
In the City of St. Joe,
Where "Colonel Will S. Visscher"
From the town of Moberly,
Came down to write the City up,
And came in C. O. D.
And the Children, Heaven bless them,
How they loved him one and all,
And how they'd all come trooping,
At his friendly beck and call.
"Polly," "Molly," "Dick" and "Charley"
"Johnny," "Cherry," "Bob" and "Sue"
How they listened to the story,

Of that sweet "Little Boy Blue."
As I wander through the reflex,
Of the ever-changing years,
I know the ink was watered,
With the poet's loving tears.
God bless that dear Bohemian,
God bless his rhymes and runes,
God bless the nature that could drop,
From Strawberries to prunes,
And so I've kept his letter
And I've placed it on the page,
Where my eyes can always see it,
Though they may grow dim with age.





AND OTHER STORIES.

“WALK.”

FROM JUDGE COLE'S STORY.



P the dusty road from Denver town
To where the mines their treasures
hide,
The road is long, and many miles
The golden styre and town divide.

Along this road, one summer's day,
There toiled a tired man,
Begrimmed with dust, the weary way
He cussed, as some folks can.
The stranger hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged it's load along;
His hail roused up the teamster old
And checked his merry song,
“Say-y stranger!” “Wal, whoap,”

“Ken I walk behind your load
A spell in this road?”
“Wal no' yer can't walk, but git
Up on this seat an' ride; git up hyer.”
“Nop, that ain't what I want,
Fur it's in yer dust, that's like a smudge,
I want to trudge, for I deserve it.”
“Wal, pards, I ain't no hog, an' I don't
Own this road afore, nor 'hind.

So jest git right in the dust
An' walk, if that's the way yer 'clined.
Gee up, ger lang!" the driver said.
The creaking wagon moved amain,
While close behind the stranger trudged
And clouds of dust rose up again.

The teamster heard the stranger talk
As if two trudged behind his van,
Yet, looking 'round, could only spy
A single lonely man,
Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come from the dust as from a cloud,
For the weary traveler spoke his mind.
His thoughts he uttered loud.
And this the burden of his talk:
"Walk, now, you——, walk!
Not the way you went to Denver?
Walk, —— ——! Jest walk!

"Went up in the mines an' made yer stake,
'Nuff to take yer back to ther state
Whar yer wur born.
Whar'n hell's yer corn?
Wal, walk, you——, walk!

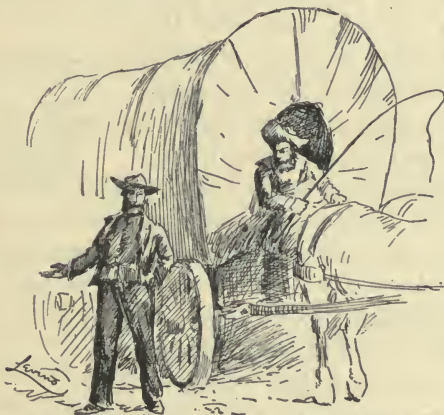
"Dust in yer eyes, dust in yer nose,
Dust down your throat, and thick
On yer clothes. Can't hardly talk?
I know it, but walk, you ——, walk!

"What did yer do with all yer tin?
Ya-s, blew every cent of it in;

Got drunk, got sober, got drunk agin.

Wal, Walk, ——! Jest walk.

“What did yer do? What didn’t yer do?
Why, when ye war thar, yer gold dust flew,
Yer thought it fine ter keep op’nin’ wine.
Now walk, you ——, walk.



“KEN I WALK BEHIND YOUR LOAD”

“Stop ter drink? What—water?

Why thar

Water with you warn’t anwhere.

’Twas wine, Extra Dry. Oh,

You flew high—

Now walk, you —— walk.

“Chokes yer, this dust? Wal, that

Ain’t the wust,

When yer get back whar the

Diggins are

No pick, no shovel, no pan;
Wal, yer a healthy man,
Walk—jest walk."

The fools don't all go to Denver town,
Nor do they all from the mines come down.
Most all of us have, in our day—
In some sort of shape, some kind of way—
"Painted the town with the old stuff,"
"Dipped in stocks or made some bluff,
Mixed wines old and new,
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew,
Stayed out all night, tight,
Rolled home in the morning light,
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer,
'N' woke up next day with a katzenjammer,"
And walked. Oh ———, how we walked
Now, don't try to yank every bun,
Don't try to have all the fun,
Don't think that you know it all,
Don't think real estate won't fall,
Don't try to bluff on an ace,
Don't get stuck on a pretty face,
Don't believe every jay's talk—
For if you do you can bet you'll walk."



“GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.”



HE Devil has always been sorely
abused,
Of all of earth's evils he has been
accused.

And search where you may you can
find but a few

Who are willing to give to the Devil his due.

Most people have always supposed it was right
To slander the Devil and treat him with spite,
To such the idea is entirely new
Of honestly giving the Devil his due.

Though preachers and bigots who think they are
wise,

Insultingly call him the father of lies,
Yet they fail in the proof that their statements are
true,

Now be honest and give to the Devil his due.

Therefore I suggest that we travel more slow,
And give the old gent a fair kind of a show,
Resolved in the start to keep justice in view,
And give to the Devil whatever is due.

He taught our first parents to open their eyes,
He told Mother Eve how she might become wise,
And as every assertion on record proved true,
Be honest and give to the Devil his due.

He invented the telescope, put it in shape,
And rung Galileo into a scrape ;
And his eyes were put out by the bigoted few,
Charge that to the church—give the Devil his due.

He speckled old Job when he got on a spree,
But the Lord took a hand as well as did he.
'Twas a scurrilous job put up by the two,
And only one-half to the Devil is due.

True, in this one instance he did very wrong,
But the Lord was in with it, he helped it along,
Just size up the Devil, his faults are but few,
And when you have finished just give him his due.



A BLACK HILL'S SERMON.



FROM Deadwood? well, yes sir, I reckon; I've been just a year on the tramp,
Not missin' a railroad excitement, or
skippin' a good mining camp,
I've sampled the country all over, and took in the
"diggins" all 'round,
And at last I've fetched up with the "Webfeet"
way down here on old Puget Sound.

Yes, Deadwood is dead, sure enough, sir; as we say—"Too dead for to skin"—

And there's not an old timer remainin', except a few stiffes that's snowed in.

But there was a time in that country, when everything was in full bloom,

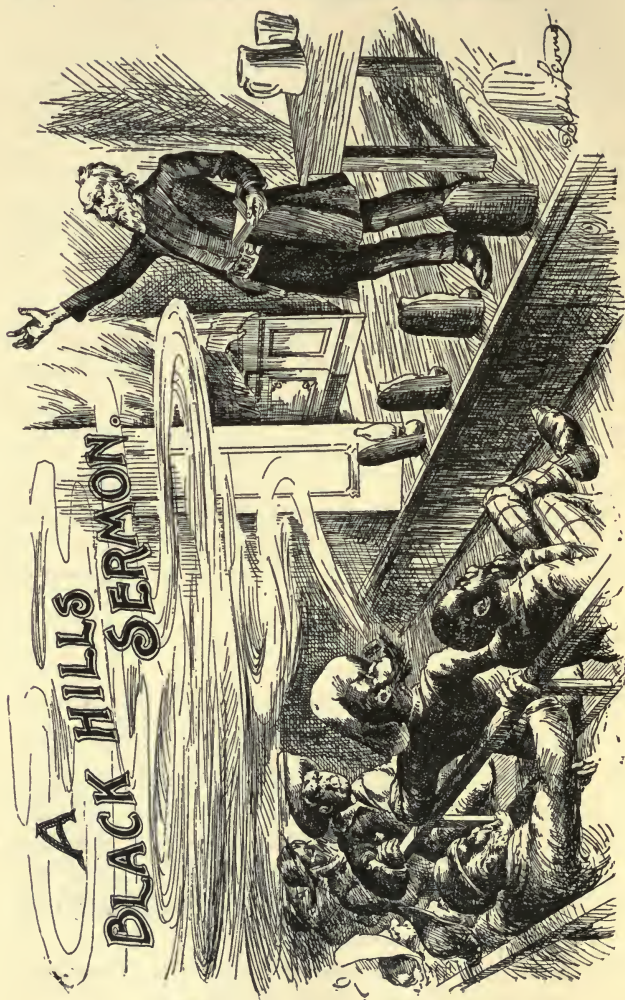
When licker was sold for a quarter a throw, and minin' was all on the boom.

It was just about then that Töm Miller was grinding his little "Show Mill,"

With that partner of his, Billy Nuttall, that the knowing ones called "Lanky Bill;"

It was thar, in their "show shop" one Sunday, that I heard a quaint sermon begun—

The preacher "an old reformed gambler," and the text he gave out, "The Prod Son."



The Prodigal Son was intended to call all these sinners to God,

But the Preacher wa'n't partial to diction, so he just cut it down to "The Prod."

He remarked that the "Gospel shark" dealin' this game is not present to-day,

And he asked me to "shuffle a hand up so all of you suckers could play."

"And right here," he continued, "this racket's a new game to me in this town,

So just play it through; there's no limit; you'll never be told to take down.

You will find in the big book there somewhere, just where I don't know yet myself—

For at home we had one of them volumes, but we kept it laid up on the shelf—

But you'll find the 'Prod Son' was a 'Young Kid' whose 'Ole Man' was pretty well heeled,

He had plenty of 'stuff' in his 'leather,' and long horns and sheep in his field.

It occurred to the kid that he'd tackle the old man for his little bit,

And then he would pack up his grip sack and quietly get up and git.

He asked the old man just to give him a portion of what he had got,

And he wouldn't stay home there a waitin' till Death opened up a 'jack pot';

And the old man did give him his divy right down to an old postage stamp,

And the kid hollered 'over the river', and ducked
for the first mining camp.

And he gathered 'the gang' all around him, all the
boys and girls he could see,

And every one on em' got 'loaded,' and they had a
great blow out and spree,

They played the thing up to the limit, and took in
each snoozer and bloke,

Until they had run all the gamut, and the 'Prod
Son' of course he was broke.

The Good Book don't say, nor does history state,
the game that he played in that place,

But it's safe to suppose, my itinerant lambs, that
'his Prodship' got steered agin brace.

Be that as it may, it just bust him, and sent him
right down to the dogs,

And the very next thing that we hear of the 'Prod',
he is livin' on husks with the hogs.

It occurred to him then that his racket was hardly
a one that could win,

So he thought he'd go back to the old man, and try
to blow him in agin.

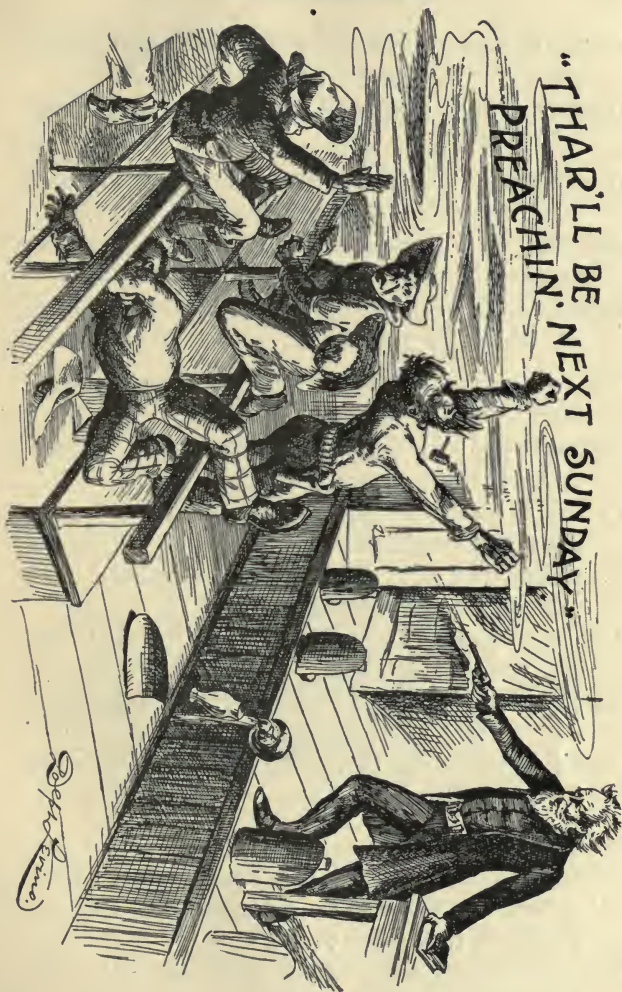
Now perhaps some on you unbelievers don't think
that he welcomed his son,

You may think he unchained the bull-dog, and just
double-shotted the gun.

But he didn't; he just killed a yearling to feed this
durned ungrateful scamp,

And he bought him the best sheeney suit of new
clothes to be found in the whole minin' camp

"THAR'LL BE NEXT SUNDAY"
PREACHIN'.



And he got a blow-out and shindy, and everything
went off slam bang.

He invited the boozers and snoozers, the hobos and
all of the gang;

And the wine and the whisky flowed freely and
they danced 'till the gray break of day,
And the 'Prod Son' stood solid again boys, and
further the Good Book don't say."

Just then a big gambler, uprising, remarked, "Now,
my friend, by your leave,

There's a part of that old 'Prod Son' racket, that I
cannot hardly believe;

For there ain't in this camp a two-dealer, or man
that will shake chuck-a-luck.

If a sucker goes broke agin either, they won't give
a case for his chuck,

So that place in your sermonizing which says, 'He
went down to the dogs,

'And when he was needing a squarer, he had to eat
husks with the hogs.'

Don't seem to me just orthodoxy, and unless you
say you was there,

I don't mind telling you cold, pard, you're yarn
isn't on the dead square."

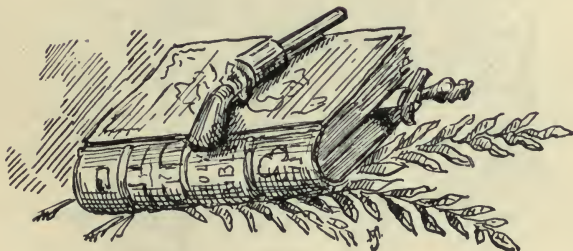
The preacher just straightened himself up, and
said, "Then you think that I'm preachin' a lie."

And a forty-five cracked in a minute, and the big
gambler's turn came to die.

There were many old "blood purifiers" and "ex-
pectorators of lead around."

And when quiet was shortly restored some fifteen or twenty were dead.

Then the preacher resumed, "Thar'll be preachin' next Sunday, at just 10 o'clock, We're goin' to run scripture teachin', right thro' here from soda to hoc, My text is the first Lord's commandment, and this is the rule I've laid down, To run this game easy and quiet, if I kill every sucker in town."





'CEPTIN' IKE.

TO LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR LAUGHTON.



THAR wuz Si, thar wuz Hi, thar wuz
Alic and Dan;
Martha, Symanthy, Matilda an' Fan,
Eliza, Mirandy, an' Flora an' Belle,
An' they all got along most uncommonly well,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Somehow or 'nother Ike never could work,
Didn't cotton to nothin' exceptin' to shirk.
All of Sprague's boys an' his gals had some spunk,
An' he bragged that none on 'em nobody could
skunk,

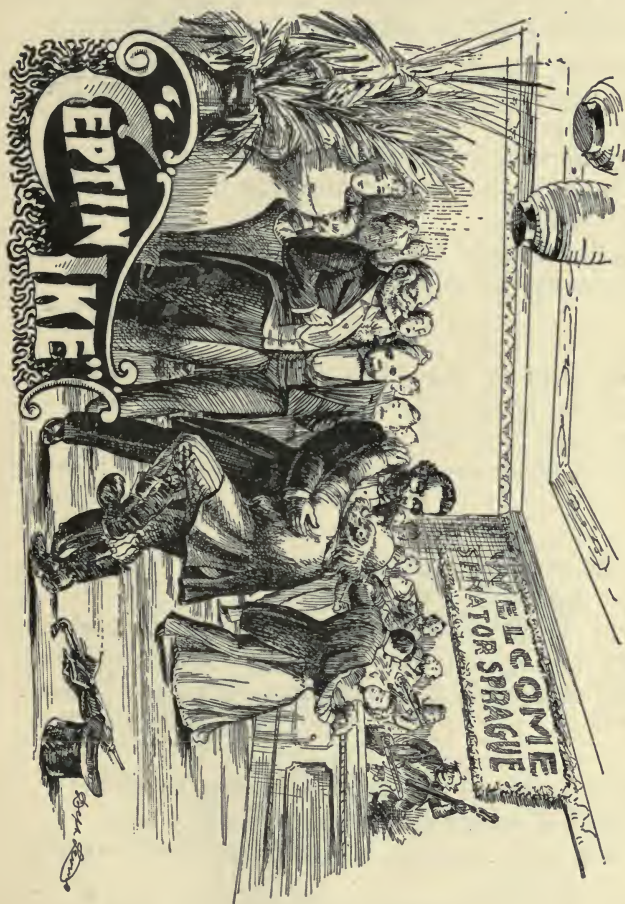
'Ceptin' Ike.

Thar wuz Si, could split rails, an' Dan he could
mow.

Thar wuz Alic could harvest, an' Hi he could hoe;
Martha, Matildy an' Fan could spin yarn
An' every one on 'em could work on the farm,

'Ceptin' Ike.

So old Sprague allowed how as Ike wuz no good,
He wouldn't fetch water, he couldn't split wood;



His name it wuz Sprague—S—P—R—A—G—U—E;
An' he thought of all men of that name that could
be;

'Ceptin' Ike.

But he made up his mind, if it cost him a leg,
That he'd see that great man that the papers called
Sprague.

So he harnessed old Bess, into town he wuz whirled,
A-thinkin' of all of the Spragues in the world;

'Ceptin' Ike.

An' when he walked into the door of the hall,
An' saw all the big bugs dressed up for the ball,
He crowded along this great statesman to see,
Ole Sprague liked to fainted, fur who should it be
'Ceptin' Ike.

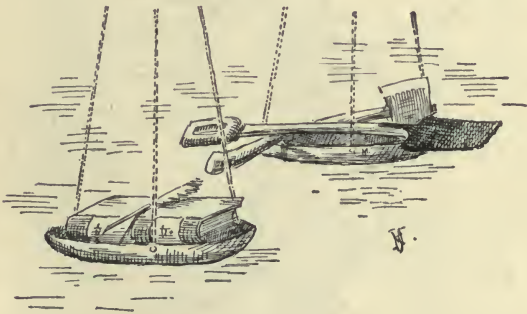
"My boy! my poor Ike," ole Sprague hollered out
loud.

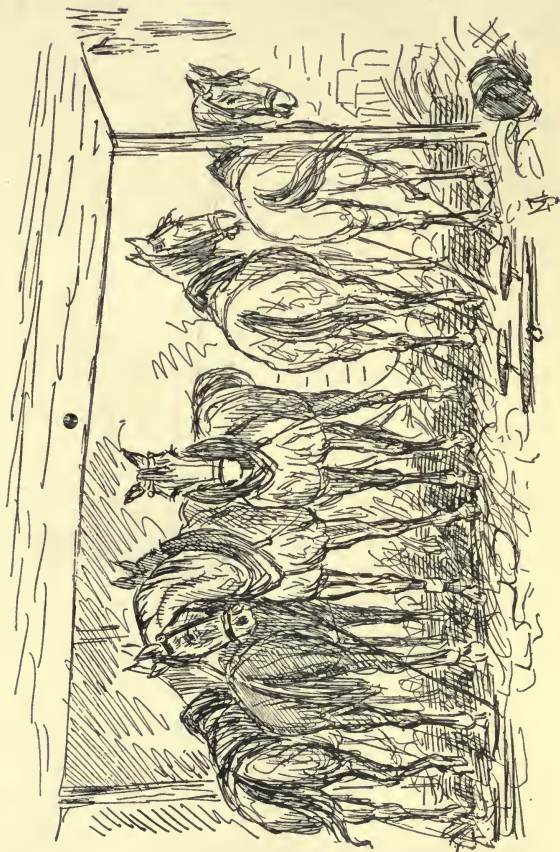
The Senator, elbowed his way through the crowd,
An' he hugged the ole man just the minit he spoke,
An' all the fine folks thought the thing was a joke,
'Ceptin' Ike.

That night Ike he told his ole mother an' dad
Of all of the ups an' the downs that he'd had.
How he'd worked an' bought books, how he'd study
an' read,
An' no one once thought he would ever succeed,

'Ceptin' Ike.

Ike's got just as fur as he ever can climb.
He sits up in the senate, an' draws his per diem.
All the rest of Sprague's boys an' his gals jog along,
But none of 'em's mentioned in story or song,
'Ceptin' Ike.





HORSE PHILOSOPHY.

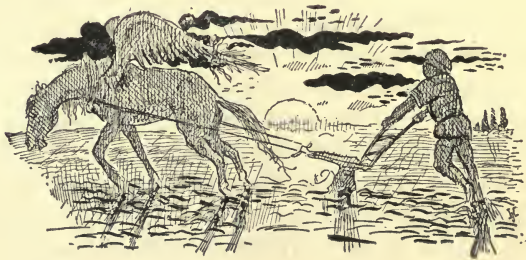


AN ancient Car horse stood at the
curb, adown Fourth Avenue.
Awaiting his turn to take up again,
the burden of Life anew,
And he pondered and mused on
the problem, of life from whichever side it
was viewed,
And he marveled much at His Master, man, and his
base ingratitude,
They tell us that man is a master mind and the
acme of all that's grand,
The noblest work of a noble world, that the great
Creator planned.
If this is true as I'd fain believe, then why am I
here to-day,
To work and sweat and to worry and fret, my poor
old life away.
When I was young I was called high strung, and
could go at a lively pace,
I carried a Jock to the winning post in many a
hard fought race,
I was petted, caressed, extolled and blessed by
men both young and old,
For I was the fastest in the field, and have won my
weight in gold.

I remember the day at Louisville, when I won the
Handicap,
There wasn't a horse in all the field but me, upon
the map,
And the Brooklyn cup with a fortune up I ran it
in splendid style.
And I took first place in the Gloucester race,
And carried away the pile,
At the mystic down in Boston, the Twin City Park
out west,
At the Hawthorne track in Chicago I have proved
myself the best.
I was called the King and the Emperor, was show-
ered with flowers and fame,
But this was before I was broken down, and a loser
in life's game.
There came a day, a fatal day, the track was heavy
and I,
Well I was not in any form so ill that I feared I'd die,
But the money was up and I had to start though
I carried the world on my back,
And I'll never forget how I labored and sweat,
around that old mile track.
I lost of course and from that day on I have never
known renown,
I dropped from a King to a nameless thing, worn
out and broken down.
Next day I was sold to a milk man old, who thought
me strong and stout
And I learned the door of each house and store, as
I drew the cans about.

Next a garbage cart in the City Mart, I drew from
door to door,
And next I came to the street car man to toil for
evermore,
I sometimes wonder and ponder as I see upon the
street,
The faces of some old sports that it has been my
luck to meet.
If ever they recognize in me here broken down and
old,
The Gilding Young who was fit to run for twice his
weight in gold.
And I notice that some look downcast and some of
them gay and bright
And some are moody and silent as if things warn't
just right.
And mayhap they have their troubles too, as well
as a horse like me,
Though this is a thought that has never occurred
in my horse philosophy.
But my life has taught me one grand truth that's
not to balk or shirk,
For what you have been doesn't count as long as
you cannot work.
And the yesterday is forgotten in the race of the
bright to-day,
And you cannot depend upon what you've been,
you must always play or pay,
But when I repine for the olden time and bemoan
my fate as hard,
I am better to be drawing car than a case for the
old boneyard,

I have this, its true to look forward to
That thoughts of gloom dispel,
That when I'm called on to cash in I've did my duty
well,
And this advice I give to man and its all that I have
to give,
Be honest and true in whatever you do as long as
you may live,
Your place is kept and it will wait, believe me this
is true,
And try to do to others as you'd have them do to
you.
Remember that no star is lost that you might once
have seen,
Remember that you always may be what you might
have been,
No matter what your task in life be sure you never
shirk,
Hallo, here comes my driver and I must be off to
work.



THAT QUEEN.



THE Judge was a Christian, and played
on the square,
But he figured the cards pretty close!
He could call off your hand every time
to a pair,

And lay down a "full" when he chose.

The Colonel could play a more difficult game,—

I don't mean to say he would cheat,
But he held the top card when the big betting came,
And some hands that couldn't be beat.

Coming home from Chicago the two chanced to
meet—

They were very old friends—on the cars;
And as neither the other at poker could beat,
They played euchre, five points, for cigars.

The cards ran along pretty evenly, too,
Till the Judge turned a moment his head,
When the Colonel, in shuffling, slipped the deck
through
And the Judge cut a cold one instead.

'Twas euchre, -- course; but the Judge was amazed,
When he lifted four kings in a lump;
But the Colonel, not seeming a particle dazed,
Turned up a red queen for a trump.

"You say—do you pass, Judge?" the Colonel called
out;

"Look here," said the limb of the law,
"I've mighty queer cards; if you're in for a bout,
We'll play this one hand out at draw."

The Colonel considered and wriggled his neck—

"I, too, have a very odd hand;
If you'll give me that queen from the top of the
deck,
We'll play out the cards as they stand."

"Agreed," said the Judge, for he saw at a glance
The Colonel had one of two things—

A full, or four queens, and he hadn't a chance
To rake the pot down from four kings.

The Judge chipped with fifty, the Colonel came
back;

The Judge answered him with a raise;
Of the bets the two made I could never get track,
But they piled up, like gals in a chaise.

At last says the Judge, "Here, I'm hunting no
more—

Four kings; reach us over that pot."

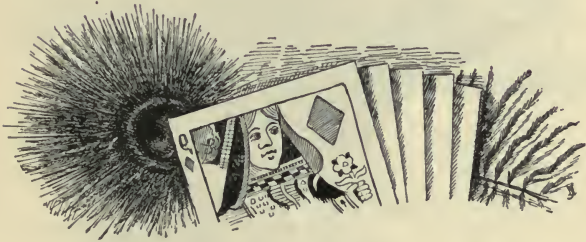
"Hold on," says the Colonel, "I, too, have found
four,
And they're four little aces I've got."

The Judge took the cards and looked over them well,

 Fetched a breath from his trousers' waistband—

“ Well, what I'd like to know just now is, what in
 h—ll

 The queen had to do with that hand.”





NO OPENING.—WRITE AGAIN.

A THEATRICAL AGENT'S STORY.

[NOTE.—This story is told by an agent to an actor when he calls for his letters at the office.]



O you read my "Not in the Programme," eh?

You liked it? Oh, of course.

Profesh could understand its points.

And I fancy some are worse.

'Twas a true story, badly told, my boy,

More like a novel old,

But it winds up good, and that's the

Bright side of the story told.

Here's two letters and a card

That came for you to-day.

I hope they bring good news, my boy,

With an opening, right away.

So while you break the seals and read,

I'll write this "ad" up here.

I wish that "biz" would pull up a bit,

For things look devilish queer.

There was poor Jim Rhodes, the heavy man,
He was in here twice last night;
But that piece ain't on at the Standard—
If it was, he'd be all right.
And there's La Dieux, she's been here too;
It's tough with her, poor soul;
An invalid mother at home to nurse,
And no wealth to get food or coal.

Theatrical agencies are no good;
Why! two or three years ago,
When I went in the biz, graft was immense,
But it's different now, you know.
I've got more people booked, my boy,
Than could play a week in a year,
And fill each minstrel hall and
Each variety theatre here.

What! kicking again? Well, what's up now?
Bad news—I see it plain.
From Shelby, eh, and Stetson, too.
“No opening—write again.”
The same old story, you say. Oh, pshaw!
See here, what would you do
If you had a wife and kids to feed
And no snap for a month or two?

Why, bless you, I knew a poor fellow once,
It was only a year or two—
Just give me a light while I fill the old pipe,
And I'll tell the story for you.

There's nothing doing at all to-day,
So we'll just chat awhile,
And then we'll take a skip down town
And indulge in a friendly smile.

It was only a year or two ago,
As I have said before,
When "Tony" was on the Bowery,
And Karl Klein, he kept next door;
While Poole was down at the Comique,
And things with us were fair,
I was sitting, one morning early,
Right here in this very chair,

When a fellow I knew—an actor, too,
Not one who deals in cheek,
Or one of those Talma'd Romeos
For six and a half per week,
But a scholar and a gentleman—
Came in at that very door,
With a woe-begone and weary look
I never saw before.

"Why, what's the matter, George?" I said.
For I noticed, right away,
That something had gone wrong with him;
"You're looking glum to-day;
Wife and the kids all well, I hope."
He smiled a ghastly smile,
But I noticed a sharp twitching
Of the under lip the while.

"Come in, old man, come in," I said;
"I've half an hour to spare,

I want to chat about the times—

Be seated—have a chair.

The postman will be in here soon;

His calls of late, it seems,

Are like Pat Rooney's serial tales,

Quite 'few and far between.'

"What's that? 'Twas Campbell wrote that line.

But then, of course, you know

That plagiarists are cheeky chaps—

At least I find them so;

Originals are not so thick

Just at this very time,

As Beautiful Snow's authors, or

The poets who wrote 'Crime.' "

He studied and then asked me

If "I'd anything to do

For him." He hadn't worked a tap

For near a month or two.

And when he spoke of the folks at home,

I pledge my word to you

It kind of made me weaken.

But what was I to do?

I told him to drop in again

In perhaps a day or so,

And something might turn up—of cours

To brace him up, you know.

But I noticed something curious

In the look of his bright eye,

And when I said good-afternoon,

He answered me. "Good-by."

When he'd gone out I turned my thoughts
To business right away,
I had some correspondence
With customers that day.
But somehow—it's d—d funny,
I scarce can tell you why—
Instead of ending with "Truly Yours,"
I'd Wind up with "Good-by."

Did you ever have a feeling
That things wasn't just in place
A kind of idea that your
"Nut had got off its 'kerbase'?"
Well, so it was with me that day,
No matter how I'd try
To keep from thinking how George looked
When he said to me "Good-by."

It was no use—I "piked" around,
I couldn't do a thing;
I couldn't read, I couldn't write,
I couldn't talk or sing,
So I put on my hat and coat, and
Said I to myself,
"I'll go 'cross town and hunt George out
And I'll spare him a little wealth."

Now Brother De Witt Talmage said that
Actors never could
Sneak in at the gate of heaven
Or do a bit of good.

But De Witt, he ain't acquainted yet,
For I know some of the boys,
Who do a good thing once in a while
And don't make any noise.

But that's nothing to my story and
De Witt is not my style;
You let him alone and he'll come home,
I reckon, after a while.
If he don't—why, I sha'nt worry, for he
Would not go in
To "the little church round the corner,"
If you or I "cashed in."

Well, to proceed: I went 'cross town, to
A place perhaps you know,
A tenement house in Chrystie Street,
In a place called "Lover's Row,"
I climbed up three long flights of stairs,
And at last I reached the door,
And I knocked, with a dread feeling
I never felt before.

I knocked again, no answer came,
I listened—all was still,
And over my whole being there crept
A deathly chill,
I called aloud—the neighbors came—
We bursted in the door;
We entered, and the man I sought
Was kneeling on the floor.

His wife and little children were
 Stretched upon the bed,
And close beside their wasted forms
 This actor kneeling—dead.
Dead of a broken heart, because
 That wife and little babes
Had starved in this great city,
 With no friendly hand to aid.

“Dead of a broken heart”—good God
 Can such things ever be,
In this great heaving, throbbing world,
 And no one there to see?
They say, old man, that there is One,
 Who “notes the sparrow’s fall,”
Whose loving eye is ever on the
 Sinner, saint and all.

There was a postal card beside him,
 I stooped and picked it up.
It told the old, old story—
 It had overrun the cup;
For on one side I read the actor’s
 Residence and name,
And on the other were these words,
 “ No opening—write again. ”

A little ray of sunshine stole
 Athwart the attic floor,
Lighting the tear-stained faces of
 The neighbors round the door.

Gilding the silken tresses of the
Little folks he loved,
Alike unto a messenger from
That bright home above.

They'd gone away from us, old man,
Up to that good old home,
Up to the One who bade us
"Suffer little ones to come;"
To that bright land where there's no more
Of sorrow, care and pain,
To a manager who never said,
"No opening—write again."





TO "JACK" CORWIN,
OF THE
"CHICAGO TRIBUNE."

Come and sit beside me Johnny,
I have something I would say,
That, perhaps, may interest you.
Throw that cigarette away!
I will tell a little story
Of a man, well known to fame,
Who eschewing all vain glory,
Almost canonized his name.

Martin Luther, saith the legend,
Seated in his study grim,
Conning some old Biblic story
When Old Nick appeared to him,
Neither gun or pistol had he
To oppose the one he feared,
So he threw the inkstand at him,
And the Devil disappeared.

Now, my boy, just take this lesson
To your heart, and hold it fast.
Fight the Devil with the inkstand,
Take my word, he cannot last.
Every ill and every evil
Every falsehood, every lie,
Can be vanquished like the Devil
With the inkstand, if you'll try.

Never mind the dynamiters,
Let the Czar of Russia die,
Tyranny still makes the exile
In Siberian dungeon lie.
Anarchists are idiotic,
Teach them what they are about;
Throw the inkstand at 'em Johnny,
It will surely knock 'em out.

Let historians boast of Nero,
And on Cæsar's fame descant,
Edison's a greater hero
Than a Sherman, or a Grant.

They, but freed the slave for glory
His will be a grander goal,
Children learn by song and story
How to free the mind and soul.

Printer's ink and education,
'Tinged with irony and song,
Sap away the strong foundation
Of each monumental wrong.
Make intelligence your motto,
Never mind the shot or shell,
'Throw the inkstand at 'em Johnny
Cut 'er loose, and give 'em h—l.



"TWO LITTLE BUSTED SHOES."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.



THE Orleans Club at Jimtown,* Colorado, '92,
Was a joint where you could play all
games from a split up to a blue.
And the gang that hung around the
club I'll say, 'twixt you and me,
Would hardly cut a figure at a Methodist Pink Tea.
There was "Big Ed Burns," and "Crazy Horse,"
"Jim Sanford," "Windy Dick,"
"Tom Kady," the shell juggler, "Joe Palmer,"
pretty slick,
"Joe Simmons, who could deal the bank and never
lose a check,
"Pete Burns," "Jim Bolen," and "Jeff Smith," all
high cards in the deck.

It was in the gray of morning, and the heterogeni-
ous gang
Sat worrying the barkeeper with nonsense, guff and
slang;
All "kidding," "chaffing," "guying," in a smooth,
good natured way,
About the incidental bosh that happened yesterday.

*The lower end of Creede Camp was called Jimtown.

Sometimes (in easy tilted chair) one of them'd try
to snooze,
And then someone would "loosen up and order up
the booze,"
Some break-of-day boy would come in and give the
bar boy "guff,"
And learn without politeness that he'd "have to
have the stuff."
Then one of them would tell the tramp to "go and
soak his head,"
And say if he "drank water he'd be found some
morning dead."
They'd ask him why he didn't send to papa for a
check
So he could purchase barb wire booze to lubricate
his neck,
And after they had kidded him until he couldn't talk,
They'd fill him up with Red Eye and tell him to
take a "walk."
Not by any means bad fellows, but they loved a
little lark,
And they'd give up to the needy quicker than a
gospel shark.
I happened in one morning to investigate my trunk;
I'd left it in the barroom, for I slept up in a bunk,
For sleeping berths were limited, and I could name
a few
Who have stood up in the corner in Jimtown in '92.
Pete Burns remarked: "Get on to him; since he
stopped getting drunk,

He's saved up all his money for a Saratoga trunk?''
And they gathered 'round me each of them, with
 laughter, josh and kid,
To investigate my wardrobe when I opened up the
 lid.

It happened now that "Jersey" (ye see "Jersey" is
 my wife,
And no man ever had a better partner in his life),
But "Jersey" when she packed the trunk before
 she closed the lid
Had just thrown in a souvenir to 'mind me of the kid.

And as each fellow cranes his neck the first thing
 that he views
Is two tiny little stockings and two little busted
 shoes.

Right here on top they rested and in fancy seemed
 to say
"Now, papa, don't forget us when you're wander-
 ing far away.

Not a single word was uttered by the gang that
 stood around,
And I knew that I the secret to each great rough
 heart had found,
And I knew that each was thinking in the early
 morning gray
Of their wives and little darlings who were praying
 far away.

Praying for those great rough fellows who would
 give their very life

That those wives and little children might be spared
all pain and strife,
Might never know adversity or what it was to lose
The father, who would purchase them those little
busted shoes.

I knew their thoughts in retrospect, flew o'er the
western plain,
To their patient wives and little ones they might
not see again,
And I knew the violet splendor of the hills whereon
they roam,
Was mingling with the unshed tears for little ones
at home.

Not a single jest was ventured, not a word was
spoken loud,
As a flood of golden sunshine poured it's glory o'er
the crowd.
Could an old and master painter touched his palette's
varied hues,
He'd have gathered inspiration from those little
busted shoes.

I said they were not bad men, and I mean just
what I say,
And I hope that I may meet them all upon some
future day,
May meet them where no memories may conjure up
the blues,
With their little ones around them wearing little
busted shoes.

I closed the lid and locked it, hardly knowing what
I did,
But each seemed to breathe the freer when those
little shoes were hid:
Some one said "let's irrigate," each to the bar drew
near,
And seemingly each hand went up to dash away a
tear.

The glasses clinked, adown the bar the bottle
passed along,
And "Big Ed Burns" proposed that we should have
a toast or song,
But after each had filled his glass with "Old Mc-
brayer Booze,"
We drank to wives and children and those little
busted shoes.

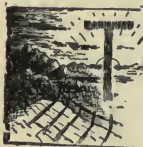
CREEDE CAMP, COLORADO, March 8, 1892.





TEN MILE OR BUST.

A LONG WAY AFTER LONGFELLOW.



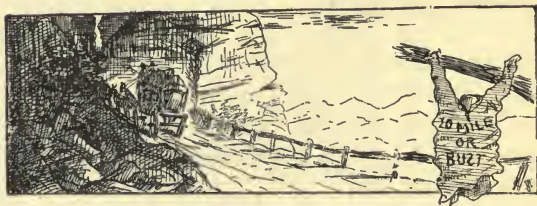
HE shades of eve were falling fast,
As up through Leadville village
passed,
A "Mick" who bore through mud
and vice,
A hickory shirt, with this device,
"Ten mile or bust."

His hat was slouched, he'd one cock eye,
That "piped off" every passer-by,
The bootblack shouted "have a shine?"
The "Mick" replied, "I'll hunt a mine,"
"Ten mile or bust."

Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware a "deadfall", called Chalk Ranch,
Was "Hoodoo Brown's," last good night,
The "Mick" replied, far up the height,
"Ten mile or bust."

'The dance house girl said, "stay and try
A little glass of Dance House Rye,
I'll be your Darling Dear Gazelle.'
The "Mick" replied, ' Oh go to —well,"
"Ten mile or bust."

Next morning as the "Ten mile stage,"
Was going up the "Narrow Guage"
A hickory shirt hung on a rail,
With these words painted on the tail,
"Ten mile or bust."





Buy Roger! Why, stranger, yer crazy,
Yer a little bit off yer kerbase ;
That dog is a regular daisy,
He's got the first place in the race.
He's travelled the kentry all over,
From Dodge City down to the sea,
An' thar ain't enough dust in yer trousers
To purchase old Roger from me.

Do ye know what he done? Well, I'll tell yer,
What, drink! I don't care if I do.
Straight pizen (here's how), but to sell yer
My dog, that's too cursed bran new.

When Big Ed Silk, that was my pardner,
Was runnin' a place in the mines,
An' grubbin' like blazes to keep up
His end, in some cursed hard times ;

We'd bin up all night in the dance hall,
An' closed up the shanty all hunk,
We'd took our last "ball" in the mornin'
An' each tumbled into his bunk ;
We'd forgot all our joy and our sorrow,
Each was snoozin' as sweet as a lamb,
Not a thinkin' of trouble to-morrow,
An' none on us carin' a d—n;

When a racket wuz raised in the castle,
As if all the devils in hell
Had thundered around the old Bastile,
And dropped in upon us, pell mell;
But I was so sleepy from boozin',—
For the licker'd got into my head,
That I couldn't be woke from my snoozin'
Till Roger sprung onto the bed.

With a yell like the scream of a human
He tore off the clothes with a roar,
An' nailin' me right by the collar
He tumbled me on the floor.
I grabbed for my shooter—confound me,
I staggered. Ole man, I'm no liar,
The roof an' the walls all around me
War blazin' with seethin' red fire.

AND OTHER STORIES.

With a howl (like a wounded hyena)
He sprang through a hole in the wall,
An' I followed blindly behind him,
Each minnit' expectin' to fall.
Right thro' where the smoke was the thickest,
Barkin' loudly the whole of the way,
Went Roger; I'll never forget it,
If I live till the great judgment day.

We'd just cleared the front, I an' Roger,
When in fell the roof with a crash,
That sounded as if "Hell's half acre"
Had tumbled upon us kermash;
An' Roger was prancin' around me,
With a look just ez much as to say,
"Ole man, if I hadn't hev found ye,
The turn would come Jack Box, to-day."

Since then we've been pardners together,
Some days we get wheat, and some chaff,
But whether its chicken or feathers,
Old Roger's entitled to half.
Ask Batt Masterson or Jean Johnson
If "Roge" knows the lay of the land.
He can find ev'ry Apache Tepee,
From Tombstone to the Rio Grande.

An' if "tenderfoot" should abuse Roger
When one of "the gang" is in sight,
Take my word for it, stranger, that codger
Had better get ready to fight.
Not a place from the worst to the finest,

A hotel, a shanty, or ranche,
From the San Juan down to Guymas,
But Roger hez got a *carte blanche*.

I've seen many friends in my travels,
Some friends whom the world would call game
But the friendship of my old dog Roger
Would put all the others to shame.
They weaken when sorrow and trouble
Comes on you—they are not true blue,
But, stranger, right thar is a pardner
Who'll stick through it all staunch an' true.

So put up yer "leather" thar, Ole Man,
An' hoist in some lick with me.
I've prospected from Butte, Montana,
Plum down thro' to old Santa Fe,
An' thar ain't a man in the whole kentry.
No matter how much he would give,
Could purchase my dog thar, old Roger,
(Here's to yer) as long as I live.



AN OLD GAMBLER'S SOLILOQUY ON A DIRTY CARD.

Mud-stained and torn, upon the sidewalk lying,
Stripped of the beauty of your regal parts,
Yet still the old whirl of fortune's wheel defying,
I find this morn — the tattered queen of hearts.

Where now (I wonder) are your old companions,
The fifty-one inseparable friends—

In beer saloons, or Rocky Mountain canons,
At sea, or at the earth's remotest ends?

Like Israel's tribe, they're tossed about and scattered,

Even the very kings might prove unclean.
But you, old queen of hearts, tho' mud-bespattered,
Every moment prove yourself a queen.

Who knows but sometimes jeweled fingers shuffled
The pack in which you held a solid place;
Who knows what placid tempers you have ruffled
At whist, by trumping an obtrusive ace.

And when the higher honors all were hoarded,
And you were queen indeed of all the pack,
How proudly did you take the last trick boarded,
How like a woman did you win the Jack!

And then, how fondly was your face regarded
By him who first beheld the crimson blush
Of you, when he had doubtingly discarded
A spade, and drawn to hearts to "fill a flush."

And then, they say that cards are Evil's marrow,
And card players sometimes commit a sin.
But you, old girl—yes, you, when turned to faro,
You sometimes caused "stack of blues" to win.

I might recall the evenings blithe and merry
We passed beneath the sparkling chandelier;
You played high up with *rouge et noir* and sherry,
But you dropped at last to pinochle and beer.

And then, ah! well, no sermon need I utter,
Enough to know you lost your winning arts,
And poor and helpless sank into the gutter
Like many other luckless queen of hearts.



A TRAGEDY.

IN ONE ACT.

THE Spring poet entered the *sanctum*,
He prated of flowers and doves,
The editor, toyed with the dumb bells,
And fondled the boxing gloves.
The "Devil" unchained the yaller dog,
The "compositor" loaded the gun,
The casket cost fifteen dollars
And the funeral occurs at one.

"That Beautiful Snow"



THAT BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

A PARODY.



H the snow, that beautiful snow,"
 That flies in your face, wherever you
 go,
 That's twisted and whirled in some
 "dizzy" old street
 Till it blinds your poor eyes and freezes your feet.
 It's all very fine, that "beautiful snow,"
 If you've cash in your pocket and somewhere to go.
 But the poet was born in summer, I know,
 That finds something pretty in "beautiful snow."
 "Beautiful," is it? Humph! "Beautiful snow,"
 When "it falls on a sinner, nowhere to go."
 It seems to me, now (I'm a practical man,
 I'm no love-sick damsel or innocent lamb,
 Therefore I cannot be expected, you know,
 To stand on my head about "beautiful snow")—
 It seems to me, now, that this sucker should go
 And bury himself in his "beautiful snow."
 "Beautiful" is it, eh?—"beautiful snow,"
 The thermometer just ten degrees below,
 Your overcoat "hocked," not a cent in your "kick,"
 And "beautiful snow" till you can't see a brick

In the sidewalks, around in some "tart" country
town,

And that "beautiful snow" is still coming down.
Why, if I had a room with a fire all aglow,
I could envy the "crank" who wrote "Beautiful
Snow."

"Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love."

I wish they would keep it in heaven, not throw
So much down on earth of that "beautiful snow."
Gentle as love? how can they say so;
See how it sticks, it never will go.

March, April and May may come and may go,
And still we'll be blessed with d——d "beautiful
snow."



“JEFF AND JOE.”

A TRUE INCIDENT
OF
CREEDE CAMP, COLORADO.



KNOWED Joe Simmons? Course
I did.

Knowed him 'fore he up an' slid
'Cross the range that blustery day.
Did he slide? Well I should say!
Not the way you mean it, though,

Up the hill we toted Joe,
An' we laid him 'neath the rocks.
Death had called the turn, "Jack Box."
'Fore he cashed in Jeff Smith come,
Asked if nothin' could be done.
Jeff, yer see, thought well of Joe—
Knowed him thirty years or so.

Pal'd together down below.
Joe liked Jeff and Jeff liked Joe,
An' through all the changin' years,
Sheered each other's smiles and tears.

Worked together, tooth and nail,
Punchin' cattle up the trail;
Dealt the old thing; tackled bluff,
Each one blowed the other's stuff,
An' when one got in the hole,
T'other just dug up the roll.
So the gang all come to know
Joe liked Jeff an' Jeff liked Joe.

When the big excitement came
Every man that played a game,
Square or sure, that could succeed,
Packed his grip and went to Creede.
Gamblers, miners, suckers, marks,
Spieler, macers, bunco sharks,
Men of money, men of greed—
Every one fetched up in Creede.
An' with all this human show
To the front came Jeff and Joe,
Opened up the "Orleans Club,"
Slept on tables, cooked their grub,
An' commenced to "cop the dough,"
Till old Death showed up for Joe.
Jeff dropped in to see the end
Of his staunch old pal an' friend,
For, yer see, he wished to know
The last wishes of poor Joe.

“Hallo, Joe, yer gainin’ ground,”
Jeff remarked, a lookin’ round,
But Joe answered: “Yes, the change
Soon’ll take me ’cross the range.
But, old pal, before I go
Just you answer, yes or no,
If I ever throwed a friend,
Didn’t I stay to the end
Through the toughest of the tough?
Did I ever take a bluff?
Did I, through my whole life long,
Ever do a friend a wrong?
Ever treat a poor cuss mean?
Haint I anteed my last bean?
Can you show me airy place
Where I weakened in the race?
Tell me, Jeff—my race is run.”
And Jeff answered: “Nary one.”

“Well,” said Joe, “I’m glad of that;
It comes easy to stand pat.
When you know that you’ve done right
Even Death itself looks bright.
So, old boy, don’t preach or pray;
Keep the gospel sharks away—
It’s no use to call them late
Just to boost me through the gate.
Let the boys just gather ’round
When I am planted in the ground,
From each bottle knock the neck,
Fill each glass with Pommery Sec;

Let each staunch friend drink this toast:
‘ Here’s to old Joe Simmons’ ghost !’
In hereafter, if there be
Such a place for you and me,
Let the gang, all hand in hand,
A jolly, good an’ jovial band,
Open out, an’ all in line,
Sing together ‘ Auld Lang Syne.’ ”
Jeff said: “ Joe, it shall be done.”
And Joe answered: “ Let her come !”

Maybe you don’t think that we
Kept in all sincerity
Jeff’s last promise to poor Joe !
Up the hill through blinding snow
Came the wagon with the box.
Up the mountain, ’round the rocks,
John Keneavy, Hugh Mohan
An’ old boy Jeff led the van;
Up the mountain, through the snow,
Till they reached the grave of Joe.
There, with heads uncovered all,
Jeff Smith opened up the ball
An’ asked if anybody there
Could say Joe Simmons wasn’t square,
Or ever yet a wrong had done
To friend. All answered: “ Nary one.”

“ Well,” Jeff replied, “ This is the end
Of old Joe Simmons, my best friend.
I promised him I’d do my best,
An’ with the gang lay him to rest.

AND OTHER STORIES.

Now fill your glasses, fall in line,
An' sing 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne.' "
They drank an' sang. The pure white snow
Fell softly on the grave of Joe.



An' as for Jeff—well, I may say,
No better man exists to-day.
I don't mean good the way you do—
No, not religious—only true.
True to himself, true to his friend;
Don't quit or weaken to the end.
An' I can swear, if any can,
That Jeff will help his fellow man.
An' here I thank him—do you see?
For kindness he has shown to me.

An' this I'll say, when all is o'er,
 An' Jeff has crossed to t'other shore,
 I only hope that you and me
 May stand as good a chance as he.

The big Book says—that is I think
 It says—that “ whoso giveth drink
 And food to even one of these,”
 The Saviour he is sure to please.
 An' sky-pilots say this is so,
 But then, of course, I do not know
 That either they or I can learn
 A sinner how to call the turn.
 But this I do know, every time,
 (An' you can bet I'm dead in line,)
 That whoso giveth up his pelf
 For charity will please himself.
 I've heard it said, time and agin,
 That charity can cover sin.
 But then, of course, I do not know
 If this applies to Jeff an' Joe.
 I know that I'm a wicked chap
 Of course, an' I don't care a rap
 About these Christians—do you see?—
 That's catalogued as “ Pharisee,”
 Or who repent on the last day,
 Then get their wings and soar away.
 I'd rather (if I was allowed)
 Fall in with the poor sinners' crowd.
 I am not stuck on those that teach,
 Or who don't practice what they preach.

No man can tell me where I'll go
When I cash in my checks, and so
I know that I am prone to sin
But when I'm called on to cash in
I hope I'll have an equal show
With sinners just like Jeff an' Joe.

CREEDE CAMP, COLORADO, March 27th, 1892.





B. P. O. E.

AND OTHER STORIES.

B. P. O. E.

B. P. O. E., what a great world of meaning
Contained in these letters, to each one who knows
The power of affection, the great depth of feeling,
The good to the world, which these trifles disclose.
How they shed the sunshine through the invalid's
window.

They comfort the mother, the sister and wife,
And soften the grief of the widow and orphan,
Who seem to have given up more than their life.

B. P. O. E., who is there that's not welcome
To join in their sports, at reception or ball,
And who has not met a beneficent greeting,
At the Sunday night social within their old hall?
Who (ere he went home in the grey of the morning)
Has stood 'round the room in that glittering line,
And—cordially grasping the hand of a brother,
Has echo'd the chorus of dear "Auld Lang Syne?"

B. P. O. E., who has stood in the circle
With glass in his hand, in that stately old hall,
And tossed off a bumper "To Our Absent Brothers,"
But felt that (in spirit) he was with them all,
That the souls of the dear ones we love most to
honor,

The absent ones, far o'er the billowy sea,
The sister, or wife of some dear absent brother,
Was blessing that talisman, B. P. O. E.

B. P. O. E., a bright halo of glory
Surrounds the Elk Antlers, thy escutcheon's claim,
And the deeds of thy brothers are echo'd in story,
From the Pacific slope to the old State of Maine,
Wherever the weary, the poor, or afflicted,
Have stretched forth a hand, thou wert ever found
near,

To assuage the deep grief of the widow and orphan,
To soften the heart, and to chasten the tear.

B. P. O. E., all the world must applaud you,
And honor the precept that leads in the van.
Be upright and noble, no power can withstand you,
You represent love to your dear brother man,
And when each shall pass o'er the dark blue *Ægean*,
And stand on the shores of yon shimmering sea,
May the grandest of epitaphs brighten his record,
Those Hieroglyphics B. P. O. and E.

CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY.

From East to West, from North to South, we gather
Our loyalty to prove
To sister, mother, brother, and to father,
A harbinger of Love.

And meeting here within this hall, this evening,
Abroad we send
To all mankind, upon the morrow greeting,
A Brother and a Friend.

What recks us if the Kings and Queens now
reigning

Make pride their boast;

What recks us if the tyrant, Love disdainig,
Leans on His host.

Though all the world, with pride so unrelenting,
Lead in the van,

We stand within this Circle, representing
Man's Brotherhood to Man.

With Charity to all, go tell the story
Throughout the world,

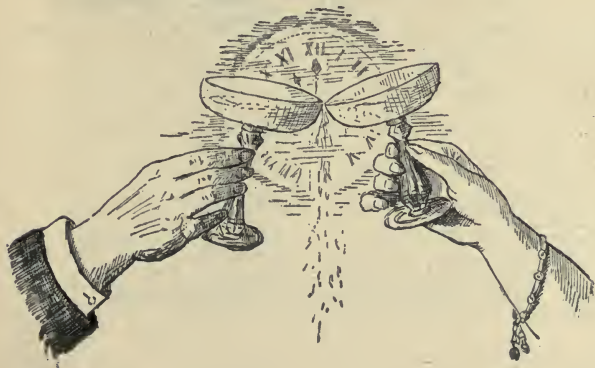
That pride of birth, power, wealth, deceit, vain glory,
 To nothingness are hurried,
We take cognizance of no man's position;
 Our only school
To gauge the worth of pauper, or patrician,
 Is the Golden Rule.
And Justice, that blind Goddess, like no other,
 She rules our land,
Decrees that all the faults of our weak brothers,
 Be written on the sand,
Their virtues ineffacably written
 On the page of memory,
Comes to us like the silver sheen of moonlight
 Aslant a summer sea.
Brotherly Love ! Ah, what a recollection,
 It brings to all
A grand, far-reaching wealth of pure affection
 Holds us in thrall.
Fill high the glass, while "Auld Lang Syne" we're
 singing,
 In roundelay;
And let the toast up to the roof go ringing:
 " Our brothers far away."
Fidelity embraces all the others;
 If each one knew
And practised that fidelity to others,
 Staunch, firm and true,
This world would be the better for it, surely
 We'd all be just,
And in each station that we fill so poorly,
 We'd rule in trust.

And, Brother, when you leave a Lodge of Sorrow,
 With aching heart,
And go again within the world to-morrow,
 To play a part,
Take each with him unto his little haven,
 In cot or hall,
By memory on each faithful heart engraven:
 "Love conquers all."

And thou, poor mother, for a lost Elk weeping,
 By sad Atlantic laid,
Or distant Sacramento, wildly leaping,
 Beneath its orange shade,
Lament him not, no love can make immortal
 The span of life;
And never hero entered heavenly portal
 From grander strife.

* * * * *

And glories greater than heraldic splendors
 His house may claim,
When Charity shall speak of her defenders
 She'll breathe his name.



“CASE EQUAL”



A CASE EQUAL.



PARSON and Gambler got in a tangle
on the increase of crime, and how
souls could be wrecked,

While "The Man Up a Tree" didn't
mix in the wrangle, but listened,
and thought about cause and effect.

Each one seemed wrapped up in his own small
dominion, and neither the other's shortcomings
could see,

And each one was righteous, in his own opinion;
At least so it looked to "The Man Up a Tree."

"You admit," said the parson, "that gambling is
vicious, that it leads to suicide, lying and vice,
That playing at cards is at all times pernicious;
that its ultimatum by no means is nice.

While true Christianity, pure and undying, enno-
bles the earth with its lesson of love,
And all its disciples, with each other vying, befitting
themselves for the mansions above."

"Yes, true Christianity, on the dead level's a
mighty good game when its played on the
square,

But once in a while you will find that the devil en-
sconces himself in the 'Lookout's high chair,'

The barefooted Saviour in charity's labour, I always
admired for his hatred of pelf,
And this nice little game about loving your neighbor,
why don't you 'stand pat' on that, Parson,
yourself?"

"I do," said the parson, "I do love my neighbor;
I preach the good tidings that God is all love;
I send it abroad by my own loving labor, as Noah
from the ark sent the carrier dove,
'Be kindly intentioned one toward another with
brotherly love' is my favorite text,
And 'love one another,' we do this, my brother, no
matter how sorely our souls may be vexed."

"Of course 'Old John Rogers' was burned for
affection and 'Old Michael Servitus' killed just
for love,
While 'Joan of Arc' was another selection in 'paving
your way to the mansions above.'
'John Wycliffe,' 'John Huss,' and poor old 'Sara
Dyer,' and 'Scotland's young queen' was ac-
cursed by 'John Knox,'
And those 'Salem witches' you burned with slow
fire—pray was it for love that their turn came
'Jack-Box?'"

"Oh, well," said the parson, "mistakes injudicious
are made in all lands, in old age and in youth."
"I know," said the gambler, "but it is pernicious
to 'copper the turn,' that is known as plain truth,
Don't play 'single out'—give each man his opinion;
in each of our paths there's a big stumbling block

AND OTHER STORIES.

But truth soars above us, on shadowy pinions, so
let's play it out, right from 'soda to hoc.'

We're each of us gamblers, while I may play poker,
and you have your Bible, your sermon and
'guff,'

I may win my money by 'hiding the joker,' while on
human defects you can 'get in your bluff.'

We're both non-producers, and instead of giving a
thing to this world it is our little plan

To calculate how we can each make a living, upon
the defects of our dear brother man.

This world is a good one, my dear Christian brother,
if every man does what he thinks is just right.

All men are created to prey on each other, and no
man should stand in another man's light;

Of God's holy love, of the Christian's bright heaven,
you claim to know all of these good things you
teach,

While I am imbued with a little weak leaven, and
only can practice just what I can preach."

And each went his way on his life's little mission;
to "the man up a tree" they were both lost
to sight,

Who mused o'er the basis of each proposition; and
thought that both Parson and Gambler were
right.

If each one in this world would "love one another,"
and neither the other's short-comings could see,
'Twould all be "case equal" to man and his brother
— at least so it looks to "the man up a tree."

OH, WAT T' 'ELL.



PPETITE SAM.

Not wuth a dam,

'N the gang said,

" Better be dead."

Allus 'd shirk

All kinds of work.

Regular snooze,

Punishin' booze;

But, I don no,

Might git a show,

Never can tell

Oh! wat t' 'ell.

Thro' every camp,

All called him scamp,

Duffer 'n cheat,

Dead on the be...

Not a good word

Ever was heard

From any man

'Bout Appetite Sam

Old ne'er do wen,

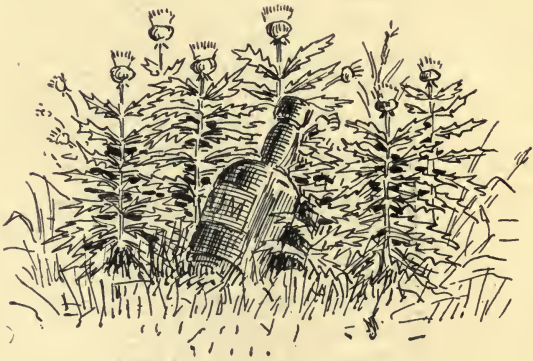
Oh, wat t' ell.

Once an ole sport,
Of the right sort—
Daniels, by name,
Fly 'n dead game—
Dropped on the street,
Used up, dead beat;
Sam took him home,
Nursed him alone,
Treated him well,
Oh, wat t' 'ell.

Toted 'm 'round,
Where one was found,
You'd see the other,
Just like a brother.
'Tom Daniels knew
Sam was true blue;
Nursed him for years,
Shared all his tears.
'N wen Tom died,
Sam only cried,
Buried him well,
Oh, wat t' 'ell.

Sam can be found
Wanderin' 'round,
Silent, alone,
No friend, no home,
Walkin' the street,
Called a "dead beat,"
"Stiff," "Ne'er do well,"
Oh, wat t' 'ell.

Mebbe, some day,
Who 'll dare to say
Wen the Great One
Asks wat we've done;
Wen Pharisees,
Thicker 'n bees,
Tell of good deeds,
Boast of their creeds,
Appetite Sam
Says, " Here I am,
Played out, no good,
Did best I could."
Will it be well?
Oh, wat t' 'ell.



SPOKANE.



RADLED midst the beryled hills,
Musical with gushing rills,
Midway in the Cascade's span
In her beauty lies Spokane;
Nature ne'er vouchsafed to one

Product of our Washington,
Town or city, known to man,
Blessings that she'did Spokane.
Speeds the river's silver sheen,
Onward from the Cœur d'Alene,
Wildly dashing o'er the span
Called the falls of Mad Spokane;
Rushing, gushing, surging wild,
Fearless, pure and undefiled,
Dashing, flashing everywhere,
Playing, spraying here and there;
Whirling, pearling, hurtling.
Foamy froth encircling,
Roaring, pouring, tumbling down,
Racing, chasing thro' the town.

Spurning e'en its rocky ban,
Dancing, prancing, wild Spokane.
Here the hardy pioneer
Greets you with a hearty cheer,
Welcoming the coming man
To a home in sweet Spokane.
Here the Siwash—nature's child—
All untutored, free and wild,
Wonderingly view each plan
To embellish sweet Spokane.
Specimens from everywhere,
Old and young, false, fair and square,
Miner, blacksmith, partisan,
Products cosmopolitan;
Here a banker in his bank,
Here a sage and there a crank,
All a jumble, rush and jam,
There you have it—that's Spokane.







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